

Young Emily

YOUNG EMILY 4144 57A2

Mrs. Sullivan Shafter, 1940

Young Emily was a maiden fair One loved a driver boy Who sailed all over the ocean
Gathering up his gold.

For seven long years returning home With money for to show That he had gained driving
the main Down in the low and low.

Young Edgar taken a drink that night Before he went to bed, Not thinking of the danger
That was hanging over his head.

Young Emily went to bed that night She dreamed a frightful dream She dreamed she saw
her true lover's blood Go flowing down the stream.

Next morning she awoke and to Her parents did say, "Oh papa where is that young man
That came for here to stay?"

"He's gone to dwell no tongue can tell Down in the low and low We sent his body a-sailing
Down in the low and low."

"Oh father cruel, oh father, You'll die a public death For the murder of my wavier boy I
know his soul's at rest."

Oh willow tree on younders cliffs Is bending to and fro, It reminds me of my wavier boy
That driven the low and low.

Library of Congress

My true lover was an honest lad He died an honest death His body's in the ocean But I
know his soul's at rest.